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PRAY! LEO PFEFFER **IS MR. GOD DEAD?** DORIS GRUMBACH **LETTERS:** CUSHING AND COLES **SOLZHENITSYN** JAMES CRITCHLOW **MALRAUX & SAINT-EXUPERY** JEFFREY MEYERS & DAVID L. SCHALK **STAGE** GERALD WEALES **JOHN WAYNE IN VIETNAM** THE EDITORS

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NEWS & VIEWS

Pigskin Leadership

While the results of the November elections may have shattered some Nixon perspectives, the President demonstrated an amazing agility to move from lofty thoughts of statecraft to locker-room guffawing within a matter of days.

In an unusual offering of his thoughts to reporters accompanying him to the funeral of General de Gaulle, the President expressed what the *Washington Post* said was "enormous respect, indeed envy" for the late French leader's ability to rally a nation with his eloquence and style.

Two days later, the *Post* reported on its sports pages that following the end of the Ohio State-Purdue football game, the Buckeyes were hardly back in their dressing room after their 10-7 victory when the telephone rang.

It was that strong athletic supporter and head of state, Richard Nixon, congratulating Woody Hayes and the boys.

Typical Nixon — and still short of the eloquence and style to rally anyone, except maybe the jock fraternity.

The next week Woody and the boys belted Michigan for the Big Ten championship.

They rushed jubilantly into the dressing room, and, as the *Post* again recorded, ring went the telephone. It was another call for Woody from enthusiast Richard M. Nixon.

The Spending Veto

Re the TV and radio political-spending bill which Nixon vetoed—somewhat overlooked was the fact that the bill would have cleared the way for debates between Presidential nominees in 1972 by suspending the requirement that minority parties be represented in such meetings.

The veto also protected traditional Republican financial advantages, but think not that the debate provisions were not a large part of the Nixon rationale.

Mr. Nixon is still haunted by the 1960 flop against JFK.

Now he can conveniently plead in 1972—especially if the Democratic candidate is just half-sharp, half-articulate and non-plastic — that FCC provisions for minority-party representation make debate between the principal-party candidates impractical and unfeasible.

As was said before, you have to be up early to beat Dick Nixon to the worms.

A Fate Deserved?

The U.S. bishops' phase-out of the Task Force on Urban Affairs (for budgetary reasons) is not upsetting everyone, not even some liberals.

What raised hackles in the latter set was a draft report in a recent Task Force newsletter rounding up opinion of some 25 diocesan Task Force coordinators at a workshop on urban ethnic community development.

The report made many of the points of the Labor Day Statement of the U.S. Catholic Conference, as it fingered the upper middle class for copping out and defended the white working-class against charges of racism.

But to some the report read like a shucking off of the guilt of racism from those most actively racist to an abstract "they" and the rich.

As one communities-studies professor put it, "Reports such as these in newsletters such as that of the USCC Task Force, by whitewashing what is, only serve to solidify racial prejudices."

First Things First

Fordham University has announced that a $2 million operating deficit of two years ago was turned into a surplus of $267,000 for the year ended June 30, 1970.

Fordham's good fortune is not, however, that of a sister Jesuit institution.

Holy Cross College has revealed a $1.8 million deficit for the past two years.

"We have the wherewithal to survive one more year," said H.C.'s president Father John Brooks, "keeping in mind, of course, that with the continued inflation and tight money we may not even have this amount of time."

Brooks disclosed that because of lack of football income last year (the schedule was cancelled when hepatitis hit the squad), the college was forced to borrow money to meet the year-end payroll.

Given this year's football record (0-10-1), they may have to hock Dinand Library.

Joke, *De Nieuwe Gazei*, Antwerp

The Car is King

The settlement of the strike against GM recalled a thing or two about autos.

They use 60 percent of all rubber, 20 percent of all steel, 10 percent of all aluminum, over 7 percent of the copper, 13 percent of the nickel, 35 percent of the zinc, and over 50 percent of the lead consumed annually in the U.S.

Many of these resources must be obtained from Third World countries, and, of course, they are irreplaceable and unrenewable.

What happens when the old car dies?

More than 2,500 are abandoned each day on city streets, in back alleys, along rural roads and in vacant lots across the country. This measures more than six acres per day of the one thing they're not making any more: land.

Odds and Ends

—The put-down to rival all put-downs: Garry Wills' characterization of David & Julie in *Nixon Agonistes* as "Mr. and Mrs. Howdy Doody."

—*Panorama*, Argentine magazine, puts a price tag of $1.25 billion on the church's wealth in that country. The "most usual means" of income, says the magazine, are "raffles, bazaars, fairs and wills."

—Speaking in Providence, R.I., Nobel laureate George Wald answered a question about "decision-making in the streets," by asking rhetorically: "Is the board room of a corporation any better?"

—If you were looking for the new emphases on salvage and recycling to put a dent in the solid waste being piled up on the American landscape, you've a while to wait. Year-end figures will show a 4 percent increase in solid wastes from a year ago —this in a period when the GNP itself shows little real growth.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Cushing Years

Brookline, Mass.

To the Editors: What is inappropriate about Father Thomas Corrigan's remembrance of Cardinal Cushing ["Another Last Hurrah," Oct. 2] is that he fails to set the relationship he describes within the wider context of diocesan affairs so as to help explain the status of the many troubled Catholics in the Boston diocese.

Father Corrigan describes "The Cush" as he was—a warm, generous, affectionate, spontaneous human being. He was not always practical, nor disciplined, nor logical but always, always the unique, charming individual who reached out to welcome you. The Cardinal was The Symbol of the most potent cultural factor in the ethos of Irish-Catholicism which for so long permeated this diocese. Even more than that he is so easily recognized and understood by the Irish because his responses are so typical.

There is at least one uncle, father, brother like him in every Irish home. He is like the husband who is witty and cheerful to everyone he meets all day long. He stops on the way home and buys a beer for everyone at the bar. After a supper of nourishing stew (because hamburger is so expensive), he gets very defensive with his wife who questions the fact there is no money for them to go to the neighborhood movie that evening. Or who of us has not tried to explain to a beloved uncle a project that we feel is of vital importance only to have him rant and rave about these new-fangled ideas and the folly of not sticking to the tried and true ways of attending to the business at hand? We never once doubt his love, or his good intentions. But we know he is relating to us as one to be loved, to be cared for, to do something for. What he is not doing is listening to what we are saying and evaluating the pros and cons of whether this project, though it

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JOHN WAYNE IN VIETNAM

Once again American planes have bombed North Vietnam. They were preceded by a commando unit attempting to rescue American prisoners of war. They were followed by the usual barrage of lies and half-lies from U.S. officialdom. It is difficult to summon up the moral outrage such acts deserve. That they are grave errors, so wrongheaded, in fact, as to be contemptible, has been said in previous instances, in various ways, by millions of Americans. Apparently to little effect.

The bombing raids, and more like them in the future, are inscribed in the logic of the Administration's Vietnam "game-plan." Last May the invasion of Cambodia was said to have set back the enemy six months in terms of supplies and organization. In November those six months were over. So was election day. The South Vietnamese promptly began a new foray into Cambodia and indeed the North Vietnamese forces were on the move as well. The supplies which last year were in Cambodian "sanctuaries" now were in North Vietnamese "sanctuaries." The time and opportunity had arrived to hit them. Let us presume the Administration spokesmen are telling the truth when they say a reconnaissance plane was downed, although there is no real reason to believe them, on this as on most other points of Southeast Asian policy. But it doesn't matter. If a plane was shot down, it was a pretext. If a plane was not shot down, the Administration would have invented one. The coin is two-headed in any case. The U.S. sends reconnaissance planes over Vietnam to keep track of the supplies we will find some pretext to bomb. If Hanoi prevents the planes from gathering such material, then that becomes the pretext. Again, no matter. The bombing raids make sense if one accepts at least these premises: (1) that the U.S. has the right to employ vast military force to guide the outcome of a Vietnamese power struggle; (2) that, having the right, it is in America's interest to do so; (3) that the Thieu-Ky Saigon regime has displayed an attitude toward the liberties and general welfare of the mass of South Vietnamese which makes it deserving of U.S. support; (4) that the Saigon regime can, if given enough time, establish a government solidly enough based to resist Vietcong insurgency and North Vietnamese pressure with only a minimum of American assistance; (5) that the combination of gradually reduced U.S. troop levels, "Vietnamization," and periodic strikes at enemy sanctuaries will give the Saigon regime "enough time."

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We have long argued against all of these premises. A policy based upon them will leave a large American force in Vietnam almost indefinitely; it will continue the devastation of the region, the people, the culture; it will further the corrosion of American morality and purpose. In the short run, it will necessitate further offensive actions: air attacks in the North, bombing in Cambodia and Laos, expanded aid to Pnompenh, and perhaps renewed ground sweeps. Morton H. Halperin, former aide to Kissinger on the National Security Council staff and once a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, has warned that next spring may see "massive escalation, the mining of Haiphong harbor, and saturation bombing of North Vietnam." Even nuclear weapons should not be ruled out: in 1954 Nixon supported Admiral Radford's plan to rescue the French by dropping nuclear bombs on an enemy supply center near China.

As for the abortive raid on the prisoner-of-war camp, it was a reckless and cruel stunt, not deserving even the ritual accolades its critics were obliged to deliver. Even had it been successful, it would have endangered the situation of the great majority of Americans in North Vietnamese hands. Had it been successful, however, it would have provided the Administration with a flood of the glory it is now attempting to squeeze in droplets out of the derring-do mission. Lives have been cruelly played with, not so much to rescue prisoners as to rescue Nixon, Agnew, Laird and Associates. We hope the movie rights have been sold to John Wayne—if he didn't write the script to begin with. That is the only possible gain for Americans.

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Father Church and the Motherhood of God

She is 72 years old, slightly stooped, and her scanty, yellow-white braid is wound about her head in the same way it always has been. Her eyes are red-rimmed from straining to see and sometimes tear-filled from disappointment at what is being said, and her head turns slightly as she strains to hear. She wears a blue wool suit whose skirt reaches her calves. Her cane is on the floor under her seat. All around her are seated sprightly, smartly suited nuns and laywomen and men, with elegant hair styles, and nattily dressed priests. There are two hundred and fifty persons in this room whose windows look out over the hills of Garrison, N. Y., waiting, laughing, greeting each other, mostly on the young side, fresh-faced and white, prosperous and well-fed, and she seems an island among them, silent and eternal. A few, well-pressed Graymoor priests hover around the edges of the meeting. The craggy-faced lady waits for the speakers to arrive. She is here to listen to a description of a new battle, after the long loneliness of all her other battles during more than fifty years of her life. Her name is Dorothy Day. She is perhaps the oldest person in the room, the most personally courageous, in action and practice already the most liberated.

The conference was to be interconfessional, and to a small extent it was. A large majority of the participants were Catholic, but on the first afternoon the two speakers—Dr. Yaroslav Pelikan of Yale and Betty Friedan of NOW—were not. Except for Dr. Pelikan, all the speakers on both days were women, and women were the major portion of the listening and participating audience. Everyone there was, *a priori*, dedicated to the proposition that the position of women in the world and in the church was now untenable. They were there to establish this conviction historically and with contemporary reference. So the temper of the gathering, to start with, was uniform and united.

Dr. Pelikan started by sounding some solid scholarly notes. He described Eve and Mary's images as the defining ones for women's role in the church. Eve who was created second and sinned first becomes the basis of the theological theory of women's inferiority, and Mary is the model of perfect obedience: "be it done unto me." Dr. Pelikan discounted the view that under Christ and early Christianity there was a period of equality for women, to be disturbed by the great villain of the woman-place, St. Paul; not at all, he said, the evidence seems to indicate that the church historically "has always adjusted to the contemporary situation," which is to say, has reflected in its theory and practices the way society at the time regarded women, and then found theological justification for it. In reply to a query he proceeded to delight his audience by his ability to quote the title of John Knox's treatise, "A Trumpet Blast Against the Monstrous Legion of Women," and by pointing out that the discovery of the doctrine of evolution has enabled Christian doctrine to articulate a view of the action of God in the world which fulfills the deepest insights of the biblical story.

Betty Friedan was humorous, fluent, off-the-cuff, challenging. She said the things she has been saying and writing in and since *The Feminine Mystique*. More intelligent than the TV coverage has ever shown her to be ("The media enjoy all the jokes about bra-burning in order to avoid taking the issue seriously"), she used a shotgun approach to the central issue: every institution of Western society has been structured for the supremacy of men. Women have never been seen as human persons, a situation to be remedied only by restructuring those institutions (including the church).

Mrs. Friedan described what she thought the direction of the present revolution in women's rights would take. Motherhood will no longer be the defining factor in women's lives; women, by virtue of the technological

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revolution, will lose their household-chore function; as a result of media publicity for all kinds of social revolutions, women will begin to apply "revolution" to their own condition ("she will no longer, by virtue of her sex, be an invisible person"); the character of their revolution will not be a bedroom war, and not a joke, and it will end only when women, with the help of men, are able to effect a change in society; no longer will questions concerning the bodies of women be determined by men, politicians, priests, governors, representatives of the state.

Most important, and after all "the foolishness of making rag dolls out of dish-towels to sell to one another and the cooking of church suppers" are behind them, women will get down to the business of freedom for *both* sexes, for the present hostility between the sexes, Mrs. Friedan felt sure, is caused by the impotent rage, the dehumanizing sexual repression of women and the equally dehumanizing necessity men feel to be Hemingway-males, to assert and prove their supremacy.

The question of the future, she concluded, is not "Is God Dead" but instead, "Is God *He?*" The audience, ready for much of the widespread buckshot of the rest of her talk, gasped at this.

At the back of the long room a young mother nursed her baby who cried weakly every now and then. Relieved to be out of their seats, the audience adjourned to the Agape meal, where an ordained lady minister addressed God as "Father and Mother." The evening was full of constituent participation, and groups were formed to discuss subjects allied to the basic concern of women's liberation. It ended when Sally Cunneen called for a show of hands on the question of ordained women priests. The vote: 220 in favor, 20 opposed. And then the two sexes and several religious denominations resolved whatever differences remained at a long cocktail party in the Friary.

Next morning started spiritually with a Taizé Morning Service conducted by an ordained minister of the female sex who spoke of "the priesthood of all believers," and a Mass concelebrated by seven priests, all male. Cynthia Wedel, first woman president of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, spoke with calm, dispassionate rhetoric of the ordained woman today, of her problem in obtaining posts with major parishes in the U.S. She noted that such women are, however, beginning to serve campus and urban ministries and to teach in seminaries. She noted that the churches in the Catholic tradition (Roman, Anglican) are the slowest to move in the direction of ordaining women, but said she was certain "no one can put the lid back on the change-process now going on in the churches." Ordination for women, she suggested, is certain to be part of this, especially in the light of the death of all-purpose ministries and the beginnings of multiple-service ministries.

The meeting concluded with a rousing panel of "representative" women. A young black activist, Joyce Richardson, noting that at present the women's liberation movement is composed of "privileged" women, hoped that it would go on to have some real impact on the rest of womankind. She stunned the polite listeners by reading "The Bitch Manifesto" which calls upon women to accept the designation with all its associated descriptions and characteristics and to be proud of it. "You may not like this new woman," she said to the world of men, "but you cannot any longer ignore her."

Sister Mary Luke Tobin, more gentle in approach but no less forthright, described the future of women in religious life, writing their own rules, moving from institutional to communal forms of life, in every sense determining their own life-style. She saw the plight of women in the world as being in some way their own fault, and thought the role of religious women might well be "to inspire women with enough courage to face their problems."

Sidney Callahan sounded the last trumpet blast, from a woman who had, by good fortune and great ability, achieved what she thought she wanted quite early, "has had it all," was "free," financially secure, had a career, a family. Her problem now, she said ruefully, is to determine what to do with her freedom, the problem she expects many women will be faced with in the future, and she looks to some kind of community of friends and family in which she can "live the good life" and "serve." Hers was the only voice which indicated the ambivalence in the great questions of women's liberation; she brought down the house with the story of her son (one of six) who asked her, quite seriously, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Dorothy Day was the last speaker. She said nothing about women's liberation, never mentioned the words, never stated her views on the subjects of economic equality, careers, chores, society's institutions. Instead she reminisced about her life, her daughter, the families she's known, the poor, the work she'd done, in jail, in the streets, in her Houses. If you tried you could remember, lurking behind her memories, the sentences from her autobiography:

I again went to Washington to picket the White House with the suffragists. . . . The man I loved, with whom I entered into a common-law marriage, was an anarchist . . . he had always rebelled against the institution of the family and the tyranny of love. . . . Yes, we have lived with the poor, with the workers . . . the unemployed, the sick. . . . We have all known the long loneliness and we have learned that the only solution is love and that love comes with community.

So it went, in midNovember, 1970, at a meeting for women's liberation in the church. DORIS GRUMBACH

(Doris Grumbach, author and essayist, teaches English at the College of St. Rose in Albany, N.Y.)

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LAURA'S BASTILLE OF SILENCE

PETER STEINFELS

LAURA'S BIRTH was not auspicious. Her mother, drunk, collapsed on the street and was rushed to a hospital. When Laura was one year old, her mentally disturbed, alcoholic father returned to the wife he had abandoned. The baby's crying gave him headaches; "that shit-brat," he called her. The neighbors saw bruises and welts on the little body, heard screaming at night. One night the screaming was beyond all merely horrible explanation. Someone called a cop. He broke down the door. Laura's parents were holding the infant, charred and bloody, in a frying pan. They were cooking her alive.

Half of Laura's body was covered with second-degree burns. They healed, leaving one side of her face purpled with scars. She was kept in hospital, there being nowhere else she could go. At the age of five, she suffered from curvature of the spine and pronounced varicose veins in her legs. Her eyes were crossed and she wore thick glasses. And there were deeper wounds. She was mute, and totally withdrawn from the world. Testing showed an IQ of 50. Some doctors diagnosed her as mentally defective, others as schizophrenic.

Laura was destined for a state hospital for the mentally ill, which would have been the end of this story. There were no places available, however. She was shunted off to an institution in Brooklyn run by nuns, supported by Catholic Charities and the Department of Welfare. Under their care, Laura learned to dress and wash herself, to follow routine; she went to classes but sat apathetically, silently, her head on her arms. She did not play with the others. She never spoke. At night she hid under her blankets with a flashlight and cried. Often she was held and rocked to sleep by her "group mother," a nun who never lost faith in the possibility of liberating this child from her Bastille of silent withdrawal.

When Laura was twelve, a young psychoanalyst was cajoled into donating some time to the girls at the nuns' institution. He was drawn to Laura's case. He visited the building where her tragedy had occurred twelve years before. He talked to those who remembered it, or rather could never forget. He found her parents in a mental institution, interviewed them, studied their own miserable life-histories.

In part it was his determination that the fruits of his profession not be restricted to those most susceptible to treatment while the supposedly hopeless cases, particularly those bearing the extra burden of poverty, were neglected. And then there was his own childhood experience. As a result of that sort of misunderstanding which occurs between educational bureaucrats and a poor Italian family unable to read or answer the authoritative communiqués dispatched from school, he had been placed in a class for the mentally retarded. An interested math teacher rescued him, tutored him, intervened against a principal firmly convinced that the boy was "mentally retarded." The boy had won a place in the city's special science high schools and gone on to higher studies.

Now he visited Laura one afternoon a week, chattered to her, took her for walks, worked endless puzzles and games in her presence. For two years. Laura sat or walked next to him—hunched, scarred, unresponsive, silent. Once she grabbed his arm in fright, once she moved some doll furniture. Each time she scurried back into her fortress of lifelessness.

Careful play therapy finally led to a reenactment, with dolls, of Laura's infant beatings. Laura had a language after all! Its first screamed words, as she crushed the doll father and mother, were "No, No! No! . . . I hate her! I hate her!" For the doctor, it was "the greatest single sound I had ever heard."

In a book called *No Language But a Cry*, (Doubleday, $6.95) Dr. Richard D'Ambrosio has recounted his work with Laura. The book was published last September 25. I asked the publisher if it had received any reviews and was told no.

The heroines of D'Ambrosio's story are the nuns whose love and care sustained the girl through nine years of silence and through the difficult years of possible relapse afterwards; who pulled strings to obtain operations for Laura's back, eyes, scars, and legs; and whose devotion to all their charges moved D'Ambrosio deeply. If he often fails to avoid that load of stereotypes which seems to make every "human" nun a candidate for a folksy TV serial, that hardly matters. *No Language But a Cry* cannot be judged as a novel; it is the poor shadow of true events so awesome, to me at least, that the author's want of art becomes insignificant.

There is something left unexplained about Dr. D'Ambrosio's compulsion to take this most gruesome and apparently hopeless case of Laura, as though the essence of evil had here exposed itself and, like a healing Ahab, D'Ambrosio was determined to strike. And mulling on the terrible mystery of evil I remembered a passage from Albert Camus' talk at the Dominican monastery of Latour-Maubourg:

"We are faced with evil. And, as for me, I feel rather as Augustine did before becoming a Christian when he said: 'I tried to find the source of evil and I got nowhere.' . . . Perhaps we cannot prevent this world from being a world in which children are tortured. But we can reduce the number of tortured children."

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ANONYMOUS PRIESTHOOD

PRIESTS WITHOUT THE SACRAMENT OF ORDINATION? . . . IS THERE SUCH A THING AS ORDINATION OF THE SPIRIT?

JOHN W. GLASER

Recently I was talking with a Sister who lived in a small community and she asked if I could come and celebrate Mass with them some evening, since it was the only time they were really together and the after-supper atmosphere was perfect for Eucharist. I couldn't make it. She said with less than total resignation: "It's always the same; we just can't find priests who are free to do this." I asked her: "Did you ever think that one of you Sisters might say the Mass?" She hadn't. That's understandable; there are so many good reasons why such a thought would never come to mind; and many reasons why one well might not succumb to the thought should it come—mainly political, practical reasons. But I am not sure that there are a lot of good theological reasons for the absence of such a thought. In fact I think one or two good theological reasons can be suggested for letting this thought entertain us for a few minutes.

The following is an attempt to spell out—in a sketchy, inadequate way, but one that might stimulate discussion and thought—a theory of what I have come to call "anonymous priesthood."

This theory maintains that there are numerous priests in our Catholic communities who are not called priests —who would not call themselves priests, nor would they be called priests by the laity nor by ecclesiastical authority. They are, nonetheless, according to this theory, priests. I don't mean this merely in terms of the "priesthood of all the faithful." I mean that degree of explicit priesthood by which a man or woman has the right and duty to stand in a position of leadership in the Faith Community—liturgically, sacramentally and otherwise. These anonymous priests include married and unmarried men and women whom we often characterize as outstanding lay people (which does not mean that every outstanding lay person is an anonymous priest); they also include religious men and women whom we presently call "Brother" or "Sister" (this does not mean all nuns and religious men are anonymous priests).

It is probably important to emphasize something at this point (which I might unconsciously contradict throughout the article): this theory does not arise from a naive triumphalism which doles out consolation from its clerical heights: "Don't feel bad, you're not as crummy as you think—you're really a cleric!!" I don't believe that Christian priesthood (of which there are many complementary forms) is a greater grace than Christian non-priesthood (of which there are, likewise, many complementary forms); but it is a different grace to be gratefully lived, celebrated and taken seriously. Just as fatherhood and motherhood are not to be compared nor confused, but recognized, embraced, lived and celebrated, each with its own unique contribution to make. We're all first-class—from pagan to Pope. (This should be explained more—but it's already gone beyond its called-for limits.)

I can recall two special occasions which were important in the gestation of this theory; I think it might be illuminating to mention them. For about half a year I worked in a parish in which the real leadership of that particular Christian community was quietly and humbly assumed by four or five married couples with the reluctant permission of the pastor. The pastor said the Sunday Masses and heard confessions; but the

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pastoral leadership of the community—in terms of creative liturgy, educational innovation in the school and in an adult education program, community involvement within the Catholic community and towards the larger civic community—leadership in these areas of Christian community was unquestionably in the hands of these married couples.

Had the pastor done these things, he would have been considered an extraordinary priest, doing extraordinary priestly work, exercising extraordinary priestly leadership. He didn't do them; in fact he actually opposed some of the more significant dimensions of this work. Because he was ordained and could officially administer the sacraments, it entered no one's mind to question his priesthood. Because these married couples were not ordained, could not officially administer the sacraments, it entered no one's mind to consider their priesthood. The thought of their priesthood slipped quietly into my mind; this was the beginning of the idea of an "anonymous priesthood."

Another experience which nudged my thinking on in this direction was a Catechetical workshop. At the end of this weekend workshop a number of people made comments to the effect, that "if we could choose the person we wanted to celebrate the closing liturgy it would certainly be Bill." Bill was a layman, married and with five children. I had spent too many hours on a doctoral dissertation concerning the nature of Christian intuition and the importance of the spontaneous judgment of the faithful as theological evidence to write this sort of reaction off as merely a pious sigh of admiration. Another kick in the cerebral seat which jolted this idea of anonymous priesthood loose and let it rise to the surface of my consciousness.

Once you get an idea like this—or it gets a hold on you—you start hearing echoes you weren't attuned to before. I won't continue the litany of events which further deepened my interest in this theory. But the time does come when even the dearest child of one's own very dear brain must be seen in the harsh light of day. Could such a theory do anything but clash with the whole symphony of theological tradition concerning the sacraments and the priesthood? I couldn't find out—because I don't know the score of that vast symphony. But as a kind of model of what has to be done let's look at the following considerations.

One might object: priests without the sacrament of ordination—absurd! Absurd? The grace of baptism ("baptized") without the pouring of water? Yes; we call it baptism of desire. The grace of Penance without the words of absolution ("the forgiven-graced")? Yes; we have traditionally discussed this in terms of "perfect contrition." So, *at least,* in two areas where specific problems had forced theologians to reflect on the relationship between the grace and power of a sacrament and its actual reception we had no difficulty —or at least as the result of much theological discussion now have no difficulty—accepting the fact of God's communicating Himself as the grace of the sacrament prior to or without the actual reception of this sacrament.

What I am doing here is trying on for size the thought that what is already unquestioned with regard to two sacraments might also be true with regard to a sacrament that has up to now eluded our consideration in this respect. This is not merely harebrained therapy for theologians—it has important consequences. And I realize how many aspects of this problem need careful, scholarly verification; but as Karl Rahner is reported to have said after first proposing his theory of Revelation, much to the consternation of many verification-minded professors of fundamental theology: this verification needs doing, the many problems raised by these ideas have to be handled; I have not done this. I merely ask you to honestly consider whether or not this is an avenue of possible fruitful investigation.

Isn't it thinkable that God has *so* communicated Himself—the uncreated grace of priesthood—to some persons that they possess (are) the power to lead the faith community in its various faith needs—created grace of priesthood—even though these persons have not been ordained by a bishop?

I find this a most thinkable thought; and one with important consequences. And if it is not only thinkable, but also true, we had better try to recognize these priests. We need to recognize them, not because it provides an easy solution to the problem of the diminishing number of vocations to the priesthood—*ante et post ordinationem;* but because this newly God-given dimension of the priesthood is, as all grace, God-Himself-Present among us and therefore presence as Word which invites us into the future.

The following remarks on the importance of recognizing this "ordination of the Spirit" and its consequences are fragmentary, unsystematic, and vary considerably in their relative importance.

To see the importance of this theory let us suppose for a moment that it is unquestionably true. Let us take as a given that God's Spirit has really ordained many men and women in our communities, freed them for a power of leadership in all dimensions of our faith community. (This is not an attempt to completely institutionalize the charismatic element in the Church; it focuses rather on a new dimension of institutionalized charisma which we have not recognized up to now. The role and relationship of the non-institutionalized charismatic to this "new" ordained-charismatic can't be considered here.)

These priests will be powerful guides into the future, the future of the church and of the priesthood. Their very existence will speak authoritatively about the

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"new" to be created in the church; about the new creation the church must become. Their very existence —probably a very unselfconscious, very spontaneously structured existence—will tell us about what should become: in terms of the hierarchy of their concerns; in terms of the relationship between the sacral and secular; in terms of the size of community, the kinds of communities they relate to; in terms of their relationship to this community as "authority," as brother, as neighbor; in terms of the thrust and orientation they help give this community—as related to itself as church and as related to the world; in terms of the proportion between these two aspects of the community; in terms of the relationship between praying as a Christian (and how this is done) and doing as a Christian (what does this concern). The importance of recognizing these priests can be put this way: they make present a post-

Vatican II lived theology of the priesthood and church. We are not condemned to *merely* sit and speculate about the church of the future; there are priests of this future church in our midst; by naming them what they are we can hear what they have to say in a new way—they speak in what they say and do not say, in what they are, in their style of life and occupation.

Naming such persons priests is not primarily a statement of address to these persons; its direction is quite other. It does not *primarily* say: you are a priest. Rather it says, in the first place: I, we, must learn from your priestly existence; I must try to hear your existence and read the direction of the future from this Spirit-given priestly existence. Secondarily it does load upon the individual the freeing burden which God's presence always implies, or, better, it gives this sweet burden its proper name.

The most important things this anonymously priestly existence is saying have been mentioned above, in formal terms only. To spell out these elements would take more space than I have here. I'd rather say: they are most important, and then pass on to some other specific questions which are related to this.

The first specific concerns the ordination of women. This theory says that we already have women priests; that we should recognize them and ratify their priesthood for the church by official ordination. The Spirit has spared us the question of whether women can be ordained, by giving us women priests. The Spirit has not spared the official church the struggle of coming through the culturally and historically built mental maze which hinders the official recognition of this.

A second question is that of celibacy. If this theory is correct, the question of priestly celibacy is illumined, though not solved in *all* of its aspects. The context of the discussion is moved onto a freeing horizon because the Spirit has shown no prejudice against married priests—men and women. It should also give us a fresh and freeing approach in considering those priests who have "left the priesthood" to marry but who still want to exercise priestly ministry.

A question of special interest to me personally, because of my activity as a seminary professor, is that of the education of priests. If the Spirit has ordained men and women who have an extraordinary and deep knowledge of Christianity (or perhaps better put: if a dimension of the very process of this Spirit-ordination is precisely this process of growth in such knowledge) and if *this* "ordination-knowledge" has little or no professional sophistication arising from formal theological education; what does this say about the necessity, advisability, dispensability of such formal theological education? What does it say about the role of such formal education where it is called for? What kind of proportion should there be between those theologically educated priests and those "theological illiterates" who are nonetheless (consequently?) Christian poets? What does all this say about the selection of persons for the official priesthood? Is the knowledge needed for the official recognition of a priest a *very* relative reality; so that the only essential question to be asked by the community bishop is: can *this* man function as the Christian-presbyter-poet for *this* community? What kind of education would be helpful to deepen this indispensable non-theological knowledge—what would really serve such knowledge and not smother it or reduce it to fighting in the armor of Saul? What new forms of theologically educative experience; what new kinds of seminaries—part time, night schools, in service, co-op type—do we need now?

The importance of such questions for minority groups and developing countries is quite obvious. Its impact on suburban, American Catholicism could be startling—unless I have misread the suburban anonymous priests I know. I sometimes ask myself what the Church of suburbia would look like in six months if the following daydream became reality tomorrow: The local bishop calls in the entire staff of the local seminary. He says: "I have trusted you with the selection and training of the priests of this diocese for years now. I have a new plan, to supplement the work you are already doing. I want you to go out to the parishes and with the help of the pastors and communities to find people

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you think can be ordained; or bring me people you know personally. I promise to ordain anyone you vouch for—no questions asked. The responsibility is yours and the community's."

Epilogue: Having finished this article, I told a friend about it. He called my attention to the latest volume of Karl Rahner's *Schriften,* volume IX. I would like to append a passage which at least manifests a certain affinity to the thoughts rolled out above.

"It seems to me possible for all Churches (also the Roman Catholic) that in these brotherly Churches of the future, often—though not always and in every case —the offices of the Church will be filled by men who are mature in years, and who, in these close communities spontaneously emerge as leaders. Why not? Who says that every preacher of the Gospel, everyone responsible for the Sacraments, the Eucharist has to be an 'educated theologian,' with academic studies he successfully completed in his youth . . . ? Why shouldn't such brotherly Churches—without diminishing the importance of the Church's mission and (sacramental) ordination—choose an 'elder' from its elders, who—taking for granted the theological and human development, experience and experiential knowledge necessary here and now for this specific community—serves this community as presbyter? There is nothing in the divine institution of the Church which excludes such a possibility. We need not reject academic theological studies; and such studies may well be absolutely necessary for many offices in the Church of the future. But I do not believe that the model of the academically educated functionary will continue to be the norm for the actual community presbyter of the future. Reasons for this: the lack of priests will be too great; the importance of the charismatic-religious personality will be too esteemed; the option to engage lively and healthy persons, already retired from their occupation, in new official functions will be too obvious. (In passing it should be noted that this can raise the question of priestly celibacy for diocesan priests in the future in a different way than it has been considered up to now). Indications of this direction are everywhere. But we must begin to develop these more boldly and not merely in terms of the exception or special cases; rather we must begin to see this as a new, essentially equal and normal form of the priesthood in the Church."

READY, AIM, PRAY!

The military have a tradition of their own

LEO PFEFFER

One would assume that in the United States today no one can be forced to go to church. At least four times within the past 23 years the Supreme Court has said so. Nor is this tradition of recent vintage; it is more than three centuries old, dating back to a letter, written in 1654 by Roger Williams to the people of the Town of Providence, in which he said:

> There goes many a ship to sea, with many hundred souls in one ship, whose weal and woe is common, and is a true picture of a commonwealth, or a human combination or society. It hath fallen out sometimes, that both papists and protestants, Jews and Turks, may be embarked in one ship; upon which supposal I affirm, that all the liberty of conscience, that ever I pleaded for, turns upon these two hinges—that none of the papists, protestants, Jews, or Turks, be forced to come to the ship's prayers or worship, nor compelled from their own particular prayers or worship, if they practice any. I further add, that I never denied, that notwithstanding this liberty, the commander of this ship ought to command the ship's course, yea, and also command that justice, peace and sobriety, be kept and practiced, both among the seamen and all the passengers.

The military, however, have a tradition of their own. As early as 1821 the United States Military Academy at West Point promulgated a regulation requiring all cadets to attend religious services at the Academy chapel. Since then the regulation has been ecumenicized; in addition to the Protestant chapel, a Catholic and a Jewish one have been built so that the cadet may now worship in the church of his faith, so long, of course as it is Protestant, Catholic or Jewish. The regulations of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs are even more liberal; they allow midshipmen and cadets to attend religious services at an appropriate town church or synagogue approved by the Senior Chaplain.

But even ecumenicism has its limits. Attendance must be at the Sunday morning services even though to Jews

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Saturday is the Sabbath and the major weekly religious services are held on that morning.

The regulations are strictly enforced; "no cadet is exempt," the West Point regulation says. Unexcused absence from attendance is punished in the same manner as violation of other regulations, i.e., by reprimands, demerits, punishment marching tours, confinement to quarters, and for repeated violations, expulsion.

Neither permissiveness nor dissidence is encouraged at the Academies and it is therefore not surprising there does not appear to have been any expressed protest to the practice over the years. Recently, however, a few cadets and midshipmen braved the displeasure of the authorities and called upon the American Civil Liberties Union to bring suit in Washington, D. C. in their behalf challenging the constitutionality of the practice. Since some of them are under the age of twenty-one, Rev. Robert F. Drinan, the Jesuit dean of Boston College Law School, acted as their legal guardian for the bringing of the suit.

Even a non-lawyer would find it hard to believe that the regulations could be defended against the constitutional challenge under the First Amendment guaranty of church-state separation, but one should not underestimate the ingenuity of lawyers. An analogy can be drawn from the history of another guaranty of the same Amendment. In 1919 Justice Holmes coined the phrase "clear and present danger." In the dark days of the fifties every time a legislature sought to enact a restrictive anti-subversives law and every time a school board sought to fire a teacher caught with a copy of the *Daily Worker* in her possession, the action was preceded by a recitation that the nation faced the clear and present danger of takeover by the international Communist conspiracy.

In 1963 the Supreme Court declared that a law does not violate the principle of church-state separation if its purpose and primary effect are secular. Since then every effort to introduce religion into the public schools or to get public funds for church schools has been accompanied by a recitation of "purpose and primary effect" as if it were a verbal talisman whose mere incantation was sufficient to exorcise the ghost of unconstitutionality.

So was it in the present case. At the trial Assistant Secretary of Defense Roger Kelley and Admiral Thomas Moorer (now Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) testified that the regulations do not require the cadets and midshipmen to *worship* but only to *attend,* and the purpose and primary effect are to make better and more effective combat officers of them. How? Because if cadets observe young men at prayer and worship they will learn how they respond to religion and when the cadets become combat officers they will be able to put this knowledge to use on the battlefield. Secretary Kelley testified:

> The opportunity to observe others at worship is clear manifestation of the manner and the extent to which they draw upon God or a supernatural being in the conduct of their lives.

Admiral Moorer added:

> When we experience a crisis situation, different men react in different ways, and it is very important that the commander, or the senior man on the scene of the conflict or difficulty, understands why the various men in his command will react in a different way, and why some of them find a need to resort to religion to support them in this time of extreme danger and extreme trial. And unless he understands that many people have this feeling and have this need to resort to their religious beliefs to provide strength to them in this period of crisis, he cannot properly, in my view, handle this crisis situation.

Attendance at religious services, he said, "is a vital part of the leadership package" and it would be "as inconsistent with the responsibility the Academies have to train complete combat officers to ignore this necessity as it would be to ignore the more obvious physical and tactical education."

We all know that you won't find any atheists in foxholes, but Admiral Moorer testified that you won't find them, or agnostics either, in the upper levels of military command, and the purpose-effect formula explains why. Nevertheless, it raises many other questions.

1. What can a cadet learn by watching men's behavior in the peace, quiet and solemnity of a church service that would be helpful to him in a combat situation on the battlefield, or for that matter anywhere else but in a church during religious services?

2. If anything relevant and useful is thus learned, can it not be learned in one or two visits to the church? What additional knowledge is gained by repeating the process Sunday after Sunday, month after month, year after year during the cadet's entire four-year stay at the Academy?

3. If there is militarily valuable knowledge that can be gained by watching men at worship, why is the cadet required to attend services of his own faith? Would it, in fact, not be wiser to forbid him to choose them, for it is quite likely that he has attended such services all his life and could hardly gain additional knowledge from continued attendance?

4. Why is he limited by the regulations to attendance at the services of one faith rather than to require him to attend worship of many faiths, for it is not likely that in a religiously pluralistic society such as the United States he will ever have soldiers of only one faith under his command?

5. Why do the regulations require parental consent if an under-age cadet wants to change from attendance

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at the worship of one faith to that of another? Is such consent required if he wants to drop a course in French and substitute for it one in Spanish?

6. Why, in such a situation, is the approval of the respective chaplains required?

7. Why must the cadet "demonstrate a sincere desire to affiliate with the new church"? What has this to do with his ability to lead the soldiers under his command?

8. Why is the cadet not tested and graded on what he learned in church as he is in respect to all other courses taken at the academy he attends?

9. Would not instruction by competent psychologists and military chaplains (who, after all, have had years of experience in observing the combat and crisis behavior of religiously committed soldiers) be pedagogically superior to the unguided, passive observations of an untrained young college student?

10. At West Point the cadet may not attend services in town but only at one of the three denominational chapels at the Academy. In these circumstances how will he be observing potential soldiers under his command? Moreover, since the cadets are required only to observe but not themselves to participate in worship and prayer (indeed, should not they be forbidden to do so since it would divert them from the serious business they are there for?) is it not possible that a cadet may find himself observing other cadets engaged not in worship or prayer but in observing him observing them, in a sort of never-ending multi-faceted mirror?

Many other questions suggest themselves, but these are enough to compel the conclusion that the explanation of the military authorities for the regulations borders on the incredible—except for the fact that the judge believed it. Federal District Judge Howard Corcoran accepted the testimony and ruled that the regulations were constitutional since their purpose and primary effect were not religious but secular.

The record of the trial does not disclose whether the Academy authorities inform the pastors and rabbis of the town churches and synagogues that the cadets whom they see enter every Sunday morning are not there to pray or worship but to keep under surveillance those males of potential military age who do come for that purpose. It is doubtful that the authorities do since most pastors and rabbis would be reluctant to play the game.

Government surveillance of religious services has a long and ignoble history. Surveillance of church services for the purpose of making better combat officers and more effective battlefield soldiers may be new, but is part of the same ignoble history. Judge Corcoran's decision has been appealed and ultimately is likely to reach the Supreme Court. One hopes and perhaps can expect that it will not stand.

THE STAGE

It was one of the articles of faith of the avant-garde during the 1960's that a theatrical experience would be all the richer, realer, more meaningful if the audience could be forced out of its safe observation post and drawn into the event as participant. That faith survived the assaults of the Living Theatre and the instant brotherhood of well-meaning experiments like *The Concept* and entered the new decade, a little shaken but still breathing. It is put to the test once again in two productions, veterans of the 1960 wars, which have just now arrived in New York—*Orlando Furioso,* which the Teatro Libero di Roma is now presenting in the new bubble theater in Bryant Park, and *Golden Bat,* which the Tokyo Kid Brothers (La Mama, Tokyo) is doing at the Sheridan Square Playhouse.

Audience participation at the bubble is not a desideratum; it is a necessity, a matter of life and limb. A few minutes after the show opened, I heard the commanding slap of a bare hand against wood and, not having been clued that that sound meant "get out of the way," I turned casually to see bearing down on me one of the platforms on which fragments of the play were to be performed. Although the young Italians who were pushing the wheeled stage at a dead run were in better shape than I am, my reaction time was short enough to let me jump out of the way (there's life in the old boy yet) and let platform, horse and paladin sweep past me to a confrontation with another rolling knight a few yards away. Most of those standing near me moved as quickly as I did, but one little lady, elegantly attired, was knocked to the floor. She got up, smiling, and her smile is a fitting symbol for the whole evening. *Orlando Furioso* is the damnedest theatrical event I have taken part in, and quite likely the silliest, but it was fun in a foolish way.

There are a few bleachers discreetly to one side of the building for those too old, weak or unwilling to mingle with the mass of the audience on the floor, but it is out there with the crowd that one should experience *Orlando Furioso.* The play or entertainment or whatever it is (theater in the surround, the ads say) is an adaptation of Ariosto's poem by Eduardo Sanguineti. The platforms, containing the action, thread in and out among the crowd, usually carrying a single figure, lamenting his situation or searching for his lost love; sometimes the platforms join to form larger stages on which more extended scenes can be played. From backdrops at each end of the hall, the platforms snake out like runways, giving scenes mobility and an anchor. Often, three, four, five things are happening at once.

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While a maiden in distress suffers noisily in one corner, a paladin, his mouth as busy as his horse, wanders around the edge of the crowd; elsewhere a duel is likely underway or a little black magic. At one point, watching a reasonably quiet scene in the center of the floor, I turned to see a band of fierce horsemen bearing down on me; by that time I was acclimatized, so I held my ground and sure enough the platforms split and let me live. By the end of the play, I was able to step into the labyrinth without wondering whether or not I was following the script.

If one knew *Orlando Furioso* well or paid close attention to the *précis* of action in the program (with pictures so that characters can be identified visually), one might follow the multiple plots and get—I suppose—a conventional dramatic experience. I confess I seldom knew what was going on or which character was which, except for Anna Nogara's flamboyant Bradamante—a little Valli, a little more Magnani and a lot of the costumer. I was content to watch a bit here, a bit there and, if bored, wander elsewhere in the hall in search of something that I liked better. The acting was all grandiloquence, a style no longer likely to be found even in the Italian provinces. Presumably if one knew Italian well (which I do not), he would have a special treat at *Orlando,* but in a situation in which the speeches were often thrown out in transit, the machinery made noises of its own and the audience chatted as happily as though nothing verbal were going on, the rhetoric had to be more visual than oral. So it was. Even if I did not know who was saying what and why, I could recognize anger or anguish easily, and lust, all hanging tongue and rolling eye, was detectable from across the room. Orlando's mad scene was an exception to the general pandemonium; he was given center stage (or hall) to go crazy in and the peripheral fun and games shut down until he had finished eating the nonexistent scenery. As for the non-rhetorical effects—stately duels, frantic battles, billowing smoke, machine monsters—they were charming after the fashion of circus tricks. The Hippogriff, the master monster, has a platform of its own. It is pushed by a gang of young men and it carries not only the monster and the actor who rides it, but a smaller fellow who crouches under the stage floor turning the crank that lets the creature fly by raising and lowering a boomlike arm; someone else jiggles its wings.

The performance is exhausting, particularly for playgoers who are not accustomed to milling around for two hours and, although the publicity releases say the platforms are at eye level, they are just enough higher than that to plant an angry crick in the neck by the end of the evening. The physical discomfort aside, *Orlando Furioso* is amusing—just the thing to take children to. It is not, however, a very good argument for the virtues of audience involvement. Although one occasionally rests an elbow against a stationary platform or side-

When an award-winning author ignites the smouldering world of American Catholicism, the results are reviews like these:

"One of the things Fleming may have done is to open a window on Catholic writing, with a little more light, a little more air, a little more freedom." —*Brooklyn Tablet*

"The novel will provide a pleasure akin to that one gets in hearing finger-nails scrape across the surface of a blackboard." —*America*

"Readers under thirty just won't believe how biographical this story is; readers over thirty may weep!" —*Best Sellers*

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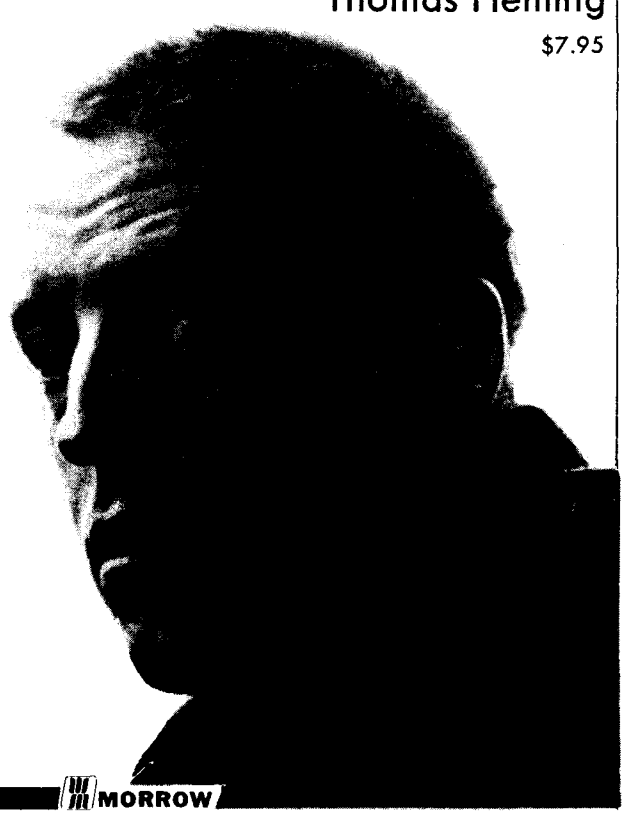

MORROW

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steps a moving one and although the gesticulating actors often reach out to the audience, as though to grasp a spiritual lapel, there is no useful connection between audience and performers. If we were involved at all, it was with the platform pushers, with the supernumeraries who, dead in battle, lay on the floor until too many careless feet drove them to safety, with the mechanics like the boom boy on the Hippogriff. Although *Orlando Furioso* may have brought me closer to the machinery of theatrical production, the approach stopped there; it was not, for instance, a Brechtian revelation that freed me to respond more usefully to the themes of love and war that, according to the program, are as much the matter of production as of Ariosto's poem. So far as the substance of the play was concerned, I might as well have been watching a proscenium production from the wings, standing at a place which offered an incomplete view of the stage.

Golden Bat is much more conventional and a great deal more tedious. A group of extremely energetic young people, who bounce around the stage a good part of the time, say and sing, in Japanese and English, that there is a generation gap; that there should not be national boundaries; that love is as dangerous as it is attractive; that they want life; that we must "reaffirm our humanity." There is a pseudo-rock score; a mandatory strip and mock screw; a bit of business with the American flag. There is also, and alas, an assumption that it is somehow funny for a Japanese boy, in the midst of a number of Japanese, to say, "I got my job through the *New York Times*." Or to borrow "very interesting" from *Laugh-In*. Or to put English obscenities in quaint Japanese mouths. There is also, and inevitably, audience participation. Two varieties—loving and aggressive. An actor comes off stage and dances a stately, sexy dance with a girl in the audience, a moment of togetherness which presumably reflects the communal ideals of the company and their hope for a world without limits, but which looks, unfortunately, like the old night club act in which the good-looking singer drags a willing victim into the spotlight to join her in a few awkward dance steps. A little girl, as fragile as a cherry blossom, to use the kind of metaphor the production loves, engages a member of the audience in conversation, building to her sweet request that he explain "what means this mothair-fuckair" in the hopes, presumably, that she will get a laugh out of the man's embarrassment. Both are fake gestures, empty and condescending, but they are right at home in *Golden Bat*. The performers stand at the door as the audience leaves, like a Protestant clergyman after Sunday service; there are mumbled compliments, smiling acceptance, because who among us would be likely to take the preacher's hand and say, "You know, that was a lousy sermon."

GERALD WEALES

An Episode in the Life of Solzhenitsyn

Man's dignity in despair is the elemental theme of Alexander Isaevich Solzhenitsyn, whose Nobel Prize for Literature carried with it an invitation to come to the presentation ceremony in Stockholm on December 10.

Personal experience has dictated Solzhenitsyn's choice of settings for his stories: a forced-labor camp, a laboratory manned by prisoner scientists, a cancer ward. If his work has dealt with the specifics of human confinement under Soviet conditions, it is the measure of his universality that he has found a response also among middle-class Americans. Every reader has his own prison.

The Russian writer's Nobel Prize was at the start a target for hostile comment in the press of his country. Soviet newspaper reports linked the Swedish choice to the Cold War, suggesting that Solzhenitsyn was an American cat's-paw. A few days after the award was announced (on October 9) Moscow's *Komsomolskaia Pravda* rasped that his works contain "hostility to the Soviet system and socialism," and belittled the Prize itself, saying that it put Solzhenit-

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syn in the company of such "accursed" earlier laureates as André Gide, whom it accused of "collaboration with the Hitlerite monsters." (In reporting these charges, the Paris newspaper *Le Monde* noted that the "libelous" reference to Gide was omitted when a Soviet news agency distributed the text of the anti-Solzhenitsyn article in France.)

Moscow's claims that Solzhenitsyn is "anti-socialist" have failed to find much acceptance, even among allies. When the Nobel award to him became known, the French Communist Party allowed him to be praised in the pages of its organ *Humanité*. The Italian Communist press followed suit. Solzhenitsyn's work has been widely published in Czechoslovakia, for awhile under the noses of Soviet tanks. Even in the Soviet Union he has had no dearth of supporters among otherwise loyal citizens in the upper strata; these once included Nikita Khrushchev, who in his heydey intervened personally to permit publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* over objections from the *apparatchiki.*

A major gun was fired against foes of the new Nobel laureate by his friend and admirer Mstislav Rostropovich. In a caustic open letter to the Soviet press (which did not publish it), the world-famous cellist protested not only the trammeling of Solzhenitsyn but also the recent regressiveness of cultural policy in general. He likened the current campaign against the novelist to such abuses of the Stalin era as the banning of works by Shostakovich, Prokofiev and Khatchaturian in his own area of music. "A talent of which we are proud," Rostropovich wrote, "must not be subjected to the onslaughts of the past."

Possibly in deference to the praise which Solzhenitsyn's Nobel honor was receiving both at home and abroad, the official campaign against him showed signs of subsiding from its initial intensity. There could be little doubt, though, that he remained a target of determined behind-the-scenes lobbying by his foes in the literary establishment, who saw in the possibility that he might be allowed to go triumphantly to Stockholm a threat to the political values on which status in their world is based.

* * *

Russian attitudes toward the Nobel literary award were once colored by the fact that in its early days such native greats as Chekhov and Tolstoy were passed over in favor of lesser writers from other countries. Redress of a kind came in 1933, when the honor fell on Ivan Bunin; although Bunin was an émigré who died abroad, his eminence is now acknowledged in the Soviet Union, where some of his work has been published posthumously. The next Russian laureate was Boris Pasternak (1958), whose selection came at a time when the author's *Doctor Zhivago* was making political controversy and triggered a campaign of public abuse in the USSR which saw him branded a "pig" by one high official before he eventually "declined" the Prize. *Doctor Zhivago* remains unpublished in its own land.

Amends of a kind were made in 1965, when Mikhail Sholokhov, an author high in the regime's graces, was voted the Prize. Past bitterness was seemingly forgotten by the Soviet government, which with much fanfare allowed Sholokhov to go to Stockholm to receive the honor. Whatever his earlier merits, the new laureate had emerged from the dark night of Stalinism as a toady to the Party line. With a coarseness reminiscent of his Cossack characters in *Quiet Flows the Don,* he seized on the occasion to settle accounts with his two fellow-countrymen who had preceded him in the honor. He dismissed Pasternak as an "internal émigré" and Bunin as a "stateless person," adding that he himself should have been chosen earlier by the Nobel jury. Possibly with a premonition of things to come, Sholokhov also referred to Solzhenitsyn, remarking derisively of the latter's prison camp tale *One Day* that "not all memoir literature can be considered real literature."

It was characteristic of Sholokov that he should zero-in on Solzhenitsyn (whom he had once praised), for by 1965 his literary comrade's political fortunes were already on the wane. Solzhenitsyn's acceptance by the Moscow literary establishment had been a brief and uneasy one. It had reached its highpoint in 1962, when Khrushchev paved the way for publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich.* Despite the work's evident literary merit, and its meaning for the millions of Soviet people who had been victims—directly or through relatives and friends—of Stalin's terror, the decision to print it was essentially a political one. It marked a new departure in de-Stalinization, the first official recognition that Stalinist excesses had affected not only Party-members (referred to in Khrushchev's 1956 "secret" speech) but also the broad masses personified by Solzhenitsyn's peasant hero. It happened to come to Khrushchev's notice at a time when the Party secretary was embarking on a new course of de-Stalinization in an attempt to score advantage over political rivals.

The tremendous popular and critical response which greeted *One Day* made it a redoubtable political symbol. One leading literary critic wrote that the friends and enemies of de-Stalinization could be classified according to their attitude toward Solzhenitsyn's hero. This made the author a marked man for those in the upper echelons who saw their power and position threatened by the liberal winds then blowing. Their cause was helped when further published work by Solzhenitsyn went beyond permissive limits, and cost him the support of Khrushchev.

The post-Khrushchev leadership of Brezhnev and Kosygin ushered in a new crackdown on literature. In 1966, the writers Sinyavsky and Daniel were sentenced for having published work abroad under pseudonyms. Solzhenitsyn's new output was quietly banned, and his existing works disappeared from circulation. In 1967 he addressed a letter to a congress of Soviet writers (where he had been denied permission to speak) complaining that his home had been raided and his papers confiscated. Late last year he was stripped

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JAMES CRITCHLOW *has just returned from traveling abroad to interview observers of the Soviet scene.*

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officially of his status as a writer, both a humiliation and an economic blow.

* * *

Rostropovich's defense of Solzhenitsyn has been all the more telling by virtue of the fact that its author has never before come out publicly in defiance of official policy. Given the reprisals to which he has exposed himself, his gesture must be considered a radical act. One of the most poignant aspects of the Solzhenitsyn affair from the regime's standpoint is its potential to radicalize still other sectors of the intelligentsia. The timing may have been coincidental, but it was in the midst of all this that word came of formation of an ex-official "Committee for Human Rights" led by the well-known scientist Andrei Sakharov, "father of the Soviet hydrogen bomb." Organization of such a body is in itself a considerable challenge, given constitutional restrictions on the existence of organizations which are not under Party control.

The political interaction of writers, musicians and scientists is typical of the way in which members of the cultural and scientific intelligentsias have joined forces, cutting across professional lines. When earlier this year the iconoclastic biologist Zhores Medvedev was put away for a time in a mental institution, Solzhenitsyn—who has for the most part eschewed political activity as such—was one of those who spoke out for his release. Nuclear physicist Sakharov and his colleagues have in turn taken up the cudgels on behalf of Solzhenitsyn and other literary figures who have been in difficulties. This comradeship also cuts across national lines: both Russian and Ukrainian dissenters have denounced official anti-Semitism, and a former major-general, Pyotr Grigorenko, has been arrested for his efforts on behalf of the beleaguered Crimean Tatar minority. One of the links among dissenters is *"samizdat,"* the circulation of typed manuscript copies of suppressed writings, which is providing a growing "counter-culture" and intellectual basis for future political challenges.

Solzhenitsyn's Nobel citation reads: "For the ethical force with which he has pursued the indispensable traditions of Russian literature." A Soviet colleague of Solzhenitsyn's, the novelist Georgy Vladimov, addressed an appeal on the former's behalf to fellow members of the Writers Union, in which he summed up the ethical dilemma which Solzhenitsyn himself poses for Soviet society:

"The years will pass and we shall be asked what we have done for ourselves and those close to us, for those whose life and work have become so difficult."

BOOKS

Two French literary giants of the 20th century

A Portrait of André Malraux

ROBERT PAYNE

Prentice-Hall, $10

JEFFREY MEYERS

Like Trotsky and T. E. Lawrence, Malraux exemplifies the problem of the intellectual as a man of action. "For a thinker, the revolution's a tragedy," he writes in *Man's Hope*. "The path that leads from moral standards to political activity is strewn with our dead selves. Always there is the conflict between the man who acts and the conditions of his action." Malraux's fictional heroes reflect his own life: a trial by ordeal that attempts to affirm "authentic" existence through an obsession with the metaphysical questions of time and solitude, freedom and destiny, anguish and humiliation, suicide and death. His characters lead a symbolic existence at a high level of self-consciousness. Behind them stand the example of Rimbaud (whose suppurating leg wound is suffered by Perken in *The Royal Way*) and the philosophy of Nietzsche (who appears in a moment of lucid madness in *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*).

Malraux's greatest novel, *Man's Fate*, considers the conflict of mind and will and the possibilities of transcending Pascal's dark notion of the human condition: Gisors with opium and Katov with self-sacrifice, Chen through assassination and Kyo through suicide, Clappique in gambling and Ferral in eroticism. (Malraux's portrayal of Ferral and Valerie is a brilliant and sophisticated analysis of the relationship between love, freedom and power that is also reflected in the marriage of Kyo and May. As in Conrad's *Victory* and Camus' *The Plague*, which are ideologically close to Malraux, the tragic victory of the defeated men (Chen, Kyo and Katov) is far more meaningful than the fate of those who survive the abortive insurrection (Clappique, Ferral, Gisors). Malraux's theme, the affirmation of man's dignity and grandeur in tragic defeat, has two serious limitations: the opiate withdrawal and reflective wisdom of old Gisors undercuts the whole mode of action in the novel, and the ultimate transcendence and dignity can only be achieved at the moment of death and without any hope of social melioration. But Zarathustra's answer is also Malraux's: "Die at the right time. He that consummates his life dies his death victoriously, surrounded by those who hope and promise."

For Malraux, the adventurer is a mythomaniac, and like Vincent Berger in *The Walnut Trees*, "He could perhaps have found some means of de-

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stroying the mythical person he was growing into, had he been compelled. But he had no wish to do so. His reputation was flattering. What was more important, he enjoyed it." The enigmatic Malraux, so elusive even in the strangely unrevealing *Antimemoirs*, presents special difficulties for the biographer. Robert Payne has sifted fact from legend (he has buried the myth of Malraux's involvement with the Canton Kuomintang in 1925-26) and written a competent and professional biography, but he failed to capture the subtle, complex and profound essence of Malraux. He does not illuminate such crucial concerns as Malraux's relation to his father, who committed suicide; to his three wives (Clara fades out for no apparent reason and Josette appears out of nowhere); and even to his children (his sons, like Josette, died in terrible accidents, and his two brothers were both killed in the war). Payne tells us what Malraux does, not what he is, portrays the adventurer rather than the intellectual, and the real Malraux disappears behind the flashing eyes and flamboyant rhetoric. Payne quotes no letters or unpublished material, his literary criticism is weak ("The theme of *Man's Hope* is man's hope"), and there is no attempt, as in Deutscher's superb life of Trotsky, to present the historical background of the complex events and issues that so involved Malraux ("war clouds were racing across Europe . . . the democracies froze with fear"). Most important of all, there is no controlling idea about Malraux's character and the incredible multiplicity of his mental and physical life, so that the separate fragments, despite the author's contention, do not "finally fuse together in a single whole."

It is possible to interpret Malraux's life as a series of spectacular failures —in France, Indochina, Arabia and Spain—that paradoxically amount to an impressive success. He was not admitted to a lycée; his obscure early fantasies, lavishly printed in private editions, were almost completely unknown; he was arrested for trying to remove Khmer sculpture from the Cambodian jungle and sentenced to jail, though this penalty was eventually dropped after torturous and protracted appeals; his journalistic and political career in support of "Young Annam" was ephemeral and totally ineffective; it is not at all certain that he discovered the lost city of the Queen of Sheba, which he only observed from the air; and though he created and organized the Escadre España out of nothing, it was defeated and completely destroyed. (Malraux's film about the Spanish War, *Espoir*, 1938, seems to be an extraordinary work that was shown only briefly in America and certainly deserves a revival.) Malraux was twice captured and often wounded in the Second World War; and he never realized his dream of an extensive system of French provincial cultural centers.

What is so impressive about Malraux's life, however, is that his sensitive idealism was never defeated by his failures and he was always on the right (in our century, too often the losing) side. He *did* bring moral standards to political activity, he projected his brilliant intellect into a number of ambitious and exciting art books through which he revealed a new way of seeing art, both individually and contextually; and he wrote three first-rate novels: *Man's Fate, Man's Hope* and the little known but rich and moving *Walnut Trees*, with its superb evocation of Malraux's great theme of the virile fraternity. Malraux, who has just published his eighteenth century studies of Laclos, Goya and Saint-Just in a single volume, *Le Triangle noir*, and is halfway through the second volume of memoirs, is certainly one of the most creative intellects of this century. "In the menstruum of this man's wit," as Emerson said of Goethe, "the past and the present ages, and their religions, politics, and modes of thinking, are dissolved into archetypes and ideas."

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry: His Life and Times

CURTIS CATE

Putnam's $10

DAVID L. SCHALK

Curtis Cate has produced a monumental study of an enormously popular literary figure. (*Three* of Saint-Exupéry's works have sold more than six million copies in France alone.) Yet Saint-Exupéry has often been dismissed rather casually by the critics, as a mere mechanic, a naive idealist, an adventurer who learned to fly so that he could capitalize on a subject of wide appeal. Though Cate, who was born in France, educated in England and America, and currently resides in Paris, has a deep admiration for his subject, he gives a fair presentation of the controversies surrounding the aviator-poet. Instead of refuting Saint-Exupéry's detractors point by point, Cate proceeds directly with a massive account of his life and work. The reader is left to form his own conclusions.

This is the first full-length biography in English, and it will surely remain definitive for a long time. Cate was granted interviews with an amazing number of individuals from Saint-Exupéry's family and his entourage; he obtained access to private correspondences and to relevant archives —what remains of the Latécoère firm's papers, and the *Journal de*

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Marche of the 2/33 Strategic Reconnaissance Group. He consulted film-scripts, school records, and listened to taped interviews of reminiscences of the surviving veterans of the *Aéropostale*. Cate even checked with the German military archivist to try to verify the exact cause of Saint-Exupéry's death. A superb set of photographs is included.

The result of all these endeavors is a rich and detailed, often gripping, portrait of a powerful and appealing human being. Saint-Exupéry possessed almost unbelievable courage and endurance as well as great technical skill; he was an inventor holding several patents, a mathematician, a superb raconteur, a man with an almost eerie virtuosity at cards and magic tricks. As a writer he is clearly one of the classics of this century. Cate summarizes each of Saint-Exupéry's works, and reviews critical opinion. In general, Cate's interpretations are judicious, and his attempt to synthesize Saint-Exupéry's philosophy as "resistencialist," a term borrowed from Ortega Y Gasset, is persuasive.

Cate seems, however, to have been unsure whether he was writing a scholarly biography or a best-seller. The volume of minutiae would suggest the former; does it matter, for example, whether or not the hotel in the town of Saint-Maurice-de-Rémens gets a fork in the *Guide Michelin?* Cate knows at what hour of the afternoon Saint-Exupéry returned from a hasty trip to Berlin in 1939, and can document almost every one of his flights, every accident, plane malfunction, navigational error, every one of his habitations from California to Rhode Island to Paris to Cape Juby in Africa, his immediate family history and his nobiliar ancestry to the thirteenth century.

Each time Cate introduces a new phase of Saint-Exupéry's brief yet crowded life, he pauses and presents a mass of biographical detail for each of the figures his hero will encounter, and sketches in the political, economic and technical background. Much of this material, especially the narrative of the pioneering developments in aviation, is undeniably fascinating. Yet professional historians will regret the lack of precise reference to sources. Cate has dispensed with the scholarly apparatus of footnotes, and merely lists his major sources for each chapter in a separate section at the end of the work. This method may suffice for presenting biographical data, but when Cate ventures into broader historical questions the results are more controversial. Personally I share Cate's detestation of Pierre Laval, but would like to see documented his allegation that Laval offered Field Marshal von Brauschitsch French warplanes for the bombing of Britain in August 1940! Cate also has a violent antipathy for General de Gaulle, who is portrayed as vindictive and power-hungry, "fuming like a factory chimney" in London. His favorite nickname for de Gaulle is "Wormwood," and the whole account of intrigues among the various factions of French exiles and of de Gaulle's ultimate emergence as the top leader is bitterly slanted against the general. Here again more careful documentation is necessary.

Stylistic purists will be irritated by certain aspects of Cate's work. There is a rather distressing tendency to slip out of the book's generally clear and agreeable style. "Another saint-exuberant exaggeration" is an example of these lapses into journalistic slang, and Cate has a particular fondness for the word "locals" to describe the inhabitants of a particular place. Sometimes his prose becomes positively purple, as in "It is curious to see the luminous thought of Plato rise like a moon over the landscape of Saint-Ex's meditations and begin to dim the effulgence of Nietzsche's shooting stars."

These flaws can be corrected in a later edition and do not in substance detract from a work of undeniable significance. Cate believes, with some justification, that Saint-Exupéry outlived his time. As he grew older, Saint-Exupéry came to hate his epoch more and more bitterly. He placed a strong emphasis on individual responsibility, and despite his love of aircraft much of his work is an outcry against the technocratic inhumanity of modernity, and the impotence and cowardice of the average man. Whether he saw everything of significance in our age, earlier and more clearly than "the plodding Marcuse," as Cate claims, is of course debatable.

Saint-Exupéry seemed ready to die when he went down, probably over the Mediterranean, in July 1944. He was flying a Lockheed Lightning, the fastest aircraft at that time, a far cry from the rickety Bréguet 14's he had piloted from Toulouse to Casablanca. In the older planes there was a place for man that had almost disappeared in the Lightning with its 200 dials. Two days before his last mission, he wrote, "If I am shot down I shall regret absolutely nothing. The future termite-heap appalls me, and I hate their robot virtue. I was made to be a gardener." When Antoine de Saint-Exupéry disappeared, he left behind a magnificent account of man's adventure in attaining one of his oldest dreams, that of flight. I doubt that he will ever be surpassed. Can we imagine an astronaut becoming another Saint-Exupéry?

A Second Birthday

WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW

Doubleday, $5.95

KENT HULL

The power of William Stringfellow's writing has always been his extraordinary ability to identify the presence of death at work in the world, and his persistent affirmation that death ends not in itself, but in the love of God, which overcomes death and sets men free, not to be moralistic or pious, but free to be men. Death for Stringfellow, is not the mere end of temporal life, but those evils cutting into life, here and now, stunting men and thwarting their freedom, breaking them and destroying their wholeness.

In the past, as an attorney and critic of the political system, Stringfellow has frequently spoken of death in a social

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context. Among contemporary agents of death, he names slum landlords who exploit misery, welfare workers who humiliate their clients, politicians who resort to demagoguery, federal prosecutors and F.B.I. agents who hunted down his friend Daniel Berrigan, and the American religious establishment which acquiesces in all this. Occasionally, in such books a *A Private and Public Faith* and *My People Is the Enemy,* he would mention, in connection with his work in Harlem, the reality of personal death: loneliness, fear, anguish, terrifying nightmares.

It is in these events of death Stringfellow discerns the redemptive presence of God, intimately involved in the lives of all men, to free them from whatever demons feign dominion in their lives. God's presence in history is active, constant, patient. Stringfellow's Christianity is a witness to this presence, this absolute love.

His new book, *A Second Birthday,* is a further meditation on death and renewal in spite of death. Its theme is the awful, hideously painful disease which afflicted him three years ago, impairing the function of his digestive system so seriously that regular eating was impossible, almost killing him. The illness practically immobilized him; his vocations as lawyer, churchman and writer were seriously curtailed as were his speaking commitments.

The book is an intensely personal account of that ordeal, but it is much more than the usual sentimental, romanticized, self-glorifying memoir of an illness. In characteristic fashion, Stringfellow seeks to place pain and sickness in a social and theological context. As such it is one of the most intelligent books I have ever seen on illness, of a quality comparable to Leonard Kriegel's brilliant autobiography of his young crippled manhood, *The Long Walk Home.*

For Stringfellow, this desperate illness was a new and quite frightening experience. His early search for medical care led him to an incompetent New York physician, whose near negligence in treating him aggravated the condition. His description of the horrors of the metropolitan health services should humble, somewhat, the A.M.A. and the health insurance companies. Stringfellow flatly asserts, and I do not doubt it, that a black man in his situation would be long dead. The evil we practice against the sick in this nation becomes vivid in his depiction of the early months of his illness. Finally, two fine doctors correctly diagnosed his sickness and Stringfellow submitted to radical surgery, which saved his life.

The illness was characterized, most dramatically, by fierce pain. Stringfellow learned that any amount of physical pain soon threatens one's emotional stability; indeed sanity itself is at stake. He sensed the vanity that pain instills in its victims, the belief the sufferer has that his life is justified by his suffering, and how this vanity threatens one's community with others.

But most importantly, he learned that pain was death. The pain gradually became the dominant reality in his life, governing his days, defining his activities, marking out the the boundaries of his humanity. When the meaning of this became clear—that the pain was in fact an assault by death itself, not a mere discomfort— he found freedom. Once he knew this as the death he had encountered before, the same death he had seen redeemed in God's affirmation of his life and the lives of other men, the terror was gone. The pain was as agonizing as ever, it did not let up. But, he says, he was free—free to love, free to risk dangerous surgery, free to be a human being. I believe him.

Stringfellow considers the meaning of providence in all this. He is, I take it, as unsure as the rest of us, but he suggests that providence is God's continuing affirmation of our lives, of his redemptive power in every situation, and that the issue in living is the patience and ingenuity of God's grace. If that is true, then finally we are free. Whether it is true for a particular individual depends on his discernment in the actuality of his own life—it is not the result of argument or hope or will power. It is, indeed, grace.

Although this book describes sickness, it is mostly about freedom and life. Its truth is relevant to anyone who cares about freedom in his own life. But I frankly doubt that it will have much popular appeal. Just as William Stringfellow met rejection because of the ugly stigma of his disease, so probably will his book offend many others who like to think of themselves as otherwise hip.

Despite our sophistication, despite all the rapping about "relating," despite my generation's celebrated discovery of hypocrisy, the simple fact is that we are afraid of sick people, we are afraid of crippled people, we are nervous about the blind, and we are terrified of the mentally ill.

The reason is obvious—those open manifestations of brokenness represent

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the secret deaths we all know, the deaths we try to hide from our own view. We are a death-avoiding and a death-denying culture. That is one reason American religion is so sterile.

Stringfellow is not your brother. He is you. Hopefully, you can see in the brokenness a few signs of healing. For your sake.

The Future Of Hope

MOLTMANN-HERZOG

Herder and Herder, $5.95

ALBERT L. SCHLITZER

The subtitle, Theology as Eschatology, discloses more precisely the main concern of the book. In the Spring of 1968 Duke University sponsored a "consultation" on the task of theology today. Juergen Moltmann, professor of systematic theology at Tübingen, wrote the position paper, which was then handed over to a number of well-known American theologians for their consideration and response. This moderate-sized volume is the result.

In a sense Moltmann merits the title "father" of the theology of hope, even though he did not originate the idea. Others before him suggested the idea. He concentrated full attention on it, gave it the name in a full-length book devoted to it, and with the help of philosophical notions supplied by the Communist, Ernst Bloch, interpreted Old and New Testaments in that direction. Actually what he has to say here shows no significant change or advance beyond what he has written in previous publications. Promise, hope, future, eschatology converge to form the focal point of Christian faith. From Bloch, Moltmann takes a unique and unusual way of relating future to present. The future moves into, impinges upon, masters and even decides about the present. Under the glow of this influence of Bloch he reads a passage of Revelation with particular interest: "from him who is, who was, and who is to come." Grammatically one would expect the third element to be, "who will be." But no. Surprisingly we find, "who is to come." For Moltmann, this can indicate only a radical discontinuity, a future which is totally new, not contained only in the "promise" of God. Yet God himself is involved in this kind of "future." Authentic Christian faith moves on a horizon definitely and radically eschatological and apocalyptic.

Frederick Herzog, editor of the book as well as planner of the "consultation" at Duke, seems to have arranged the responses according to the degree of opposition to Moltmann's position. In his own paper, "Towards the Waiting God," he limits himself to paraphrasing, accepting without criticism or further insight, the basic Bloch-Moltmann understanding of the relation of "what is to come" with the present. He does, however, question whether Moltmann's position does not lead to the negation of revelation itself.

Harvey Cox, always articulate, always provocative, calls his critique, "The Problem of Discontinuity." He agrees that eschatology understood as discontinuity constitutes the main element of Christian faith, and that the corresponding theology must stress the promise or discontinuity as to its *content*. But he challenges Moltmann to create a theology that is eschatological in its *method*, as well. "Eschatology has to do with the future. Its assertions, therefore, cannot simply be legitimated by appeals to the past, however inventive. Only the future itself will validate or invalidate them." Such a proposal seems to bring us into a dilemma such as Karl Barth experienced. Convinced that God was "wholly Other," he asked himself, "If God is wholly other, how can man speak of him?" Perhaps Cox and Moltmann must ask themselves, "If the kingdom of God, and God himself will come as something totally new, what can the theologian say about either that makes any sense?"

Langdon Gilkey and John Macquarrie hit hard on this very point. The former's paper, "The Universal and Immediate Presence of God," takes issue with Moltmann's assertion that such a presence "is not the source from which faith comes but the end to which it is on its way." Gilkey argues that the immediate and universal presence of God is necessary for the present as well as for the future. He maintains that a change of tense does not alter the basic question about God. "Not a God who will be, but a God who very much already is, is required here."

John Macquarrie's "Eschatology and Time," also has misgivings about Moltmann's theology of hope. An entire tradition of Christian thought that has centered on the sense of God's presence is dismissed. But with me, 'epiphany,' is a good word. If there were no present epiphanies of God amid the ambiguities of the world, how could we have any beliefs about his action in the past or future? We need presence as well as promise." No doubt Moltmann would answer that the future impinges on the present, even though it is not contained in the potentialities of the present. But an answer of this kind lacks clarity.

Van A. Harvey contributes the final response, "Secularism, Responsible Belief, and the 'Theology of Hope.'" For him the secularism of our age demands a plurality of theologies. Moltmann's position claims to be the only interpretation of the Christian faith, and on this score it is incompatible with the temper of the day.

Moltmann himself has a final word in answer to his critics. But his rebuttal does not do full justice to their questions. Nor does it suffice to say with the editor that some of these "judgments seem unjust in not taking into account the difference between European and American sensibility." Nevertheless this is an important book, well worth scrutiny. Theology today must be dialectical and pluralistic. It will not do to dismiss the theology of hope as a passing fad, or to accept it as the definitive form of theology for our time.

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REVIEWERS

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 267*)

may not be right for him, might be right for you.

The crux of the Cardinal's emotional response to Father Corrigan's request to take a community organization job is that it was such a loss for the diocese. Those of us who know Father Corrigan—and I happen to love the guy—are continually impressed with his talents, commitment and courage. His hard work and brilliant leadership on the Transportation Committee literally turned around a region-wide highway program which was cutting a wide swath of destruction through the area, destroying housing, dividing communities. The Governor of the state called a halt to the whole process so that the over-all highway plan could be evaluated in terms of its effect on the lives of people and their communities. Can you imagine the valuable work that could have been done if Father Corrigan's talents had been effectively utilized within diocesan programs?

That is the essence of the problem—the inability to evaluate, and then in a disciplined manner to carry through the implications of that evaluation. Father Corrigan presents the Cardinal as a lonely, isolated person behind the public image. He glosses over the fact that this person had some choice in the role he played. Father Corrigan talks of the dunners and praisers as if they were separate groups. Many of us do both. We recognize the unique humanity and accomplishments of the Cardinal. We loved him, but we try not to be blinded to the real state of our diocese.

The tragedy of church structure is not that it forces anyone to a specific choice, but that many of the people who rise to power do not really understand the structure or how to work it. The tragedy is they come to power because they play the game of accommodating New Testament Christianity to structural needs, and then have lost the ability to accommodate the structure to Christianity. Father Corrigan states the Cardinal had to shy away from the opportunists. I think what happened is the Cardinal's inability to administer forcefully, concisely, and clearly led to the development of an informal structure of people who understood his personality and knew when and how to approach him to have their projects approved. What the Cardinal shielded himself from were those who urged a more orderly, thoughtful, open policy-making process and administration.

Father Corrigan cites the hopeful sign in the Cardinal's response to "Go ahead, do what you want, even though I think you are wrong I won't stand in your way." What kind of an operational principle is this to run the second-largest diocese in the country? It is one thing to recognize the freedom this offers one to go ahead and do your thing. But you must realize the frustration this leads to when good people, with good ideas, do not receive the support they need. Father Paul Shanley is allowed to work with the young run-aways, then he cannot find a place to say Mass for them. Priests who request to work in the inner city are sent there and then not given the financial aid they need to be effective. Parishioners are urged to form councils, then if your pastor is not receptive to a non-authoritative dialogue, the Cardinal says what can I do? (But is anyone in the chancery working on a program to recognize and develop leadership within the clergy, or does the same old policy of seniority hold sway?)

Father Corrigan recognizes the need to have a responsible laity. But we also need a responsible diocesan atmosphere. The Cardinal initiated a fund drive to pay off debts. Yet we learned he gave away $50,000 to a facility in another part of the country. Nor would he account for precisely how the funds were to be used. He stated the church was getting out of the hospital business and implemented secular administration in a local Catholic hospital, only to turn around and build another Catholic hospital. The Cardinal announced a program to suspend building any more schools until the whole situation of parochial education is evaluated. Then a group of nuns, who have always held his affection, are given permission to add a large wing to their school. Is it any wonder many are puzzled and angry?

Father Corrigan asks whose fault is it? That is the wrong question. We should ask where are we How did we get here? Where do we want to go?

It is true that many of the laity and clergy in Boston are conservative and highly resistant to conciliar reform and unwilling to face the changing needs of the church. But the utterly depressing fact is that we have all been so conditioned that even a man of Father Corrigan's intelligence could state that the Cardinal made a valuable contribution by refusing to nominate a successor. How can anyone make a valuable contribution by not doing something he has no right to do? The Cardinal made too many

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Twelve months of good reading

January: *Incident at Isolotto*, by Eric Cochrane. A report on a 'rebel" parish.

The Messianic Core, by Rosemary Ruether. The Left tradition in Church and State.

Mr. Nixon's Voluntarism, by Amitai Etzioni.

February: *Merton and Auden*, by Timothy Matterer. The borders of contemporary religious poetry.

Must Christians be Anti-Semitic? by Michael Zeik. Christian tradition and the mystery of the Jews.

Burying Biafra, by John Horgan.

March: *Backing South African Gold*, by Henry S. Reuss.

Memories of a (Latter-Day) Catholic Girlhood, by Kathy Mulherin. Convent school to counter culture.

Is There Any Hope for the Liturgy? by Gerard Sloyan.

April: *The Right to College*, by Maurice Berube.

The Politics of Pollution, by Michael Harrington. Why American corporations are cooperating.

Torture in Brazil, by Ralph della Cava.

May: *Looking Back Without Anger*, by Clancy Sigal. Whatever became of England's Angry Young Men?

Why Are Women Holier than Men? by Joseph H. Fichter. Organized Christianity is dominated by males.

Feminism and Femininity, by Nancy R. McWilliams. An assertion of positive difference.

June: *Generation Without Fathers*, by Henry Nouwen. A projection of Christian leadership for tomorrow.

The Problem of Hope, by Mary Daly. Is the theology of hope an unmixed blessing?

Black Panthers and White Radicals, by Paul Starr.

July: *Race, Riots and Reporters*, by Terry Ann Knopf. The way the press covers urban disorders.

Right Pew, Wrong Church, by Jean Keelan. Justice for the Catholic Conscientious Objector.

Is America Moral? by Richard J. Neuhaus.

August: *The Possibility of Prayer*, by James R. Kelly. Does prayer make any difference in the world?

Evangelical Protestantism, by Kilian McDonnell.

How to Make a Difference, by Daniel Berrigan. A fugitive calls for an end to business as usual.

September: *The Purpose of Church*, James Burtchaell. Christianity must be a most 'out-group' group.

Policing the Empire, by Michael Klare & Louis Colonnese. Our international trade in 'law and order.'

Nixon's Indian Policy, by Rennard Strickland and Jack Gregory. Back to Buffalo Bill?

October: *Test Tube Backlash*, by Gale Edward Christianson. The growing reaction against the scientist.

The Forgotten Casualties, by Senator Edward M. Kennedy. War victims in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia.

Brendan Behan, by Sean Callery.

November: *The Lord of the Ghettos*, by Robert Coles.

From Here to '72. The situation after the elections.

The White Left in the Mother Country, by Rosemary Ruether.

December: *Ready, Aim, Pray!* by Leo Pfeffer.

The Greening of a Con-III Man, by Michael Novak. The idealism and violence of America's young radicals.

The Health Crisis, by Edward T. Chase.

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actual contributions for us to have to reach so hard to say something good about him.

The Cardinal's successor gives every indication of being a spiritual leader of distinction. But this selection was made without any valid lay participation. It is true the Cardinal's retirement, and now his death, closes an era in the Boston diocese that has profoundly influenced all of us. The challenge now is to recognize honestly, forthrightly all the meanings, good and bad, this era held. Now we must face the difficulties of becoming the church, of becoming the people of God. We risk failure. But we risk infamy only when we cannot recognize, and therefore rectify our mistakes.

May the Cardinal rest in peace. He fought the good fight. May all the Tom Corrigans remain restless in order to fight better.

JOANNE G. BOGAN
Editor, Newsletter of the
Catholic Interracial Council

Third World Interests

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editors: Rosemary Ruether bites off more than she can chew in "The White Left in the Mother Country" (Nov. 6). Her questionable command of American history ("Surely there has never been such a large and vociferous Left in America as exists at the present time") is matched by her own "elaborate obscurantism" and obtuse prose on the subject of third world development.

Bewailing America's "militarized economic and political system that presently takes about 68 per cent of the American budget" (why not 100 percent), she draws the "obvious conclusion" that a "drastic reduction of this military machine" will enable the third world to develop "in an international sphere not so immediately (?) dominated by American interests."

But it is not obvious that American economic interests in the third world are dependent upon a "military machine" which "acts as a counter-revolutionary force around the world." It is quite possible that neo-colonialism—as former French Africa has discovered—can thrive quite independently of military machines (though perhaps not of arms sales). Western (not just American) imperialism, as Pierre Jalée and other Marxists have shown, has subtler methods of monopolizing the world's resources.

Ruether believes American military isolationism would facilitate modernization in the third world, but she is too optimistic. It is at least as likely that the poor nations would become proportionately poorer, given imperialist control of world markets and the social obstacles to development in the third world itself.

Ruether suggests that the American Left work at creating "a national consensus" against the military machine and promoting a new isolationism. She adds cryptically, "Such a role of the Left is hardly one of revolution in America itself necessarily." True, but in a different way than she means. She sees a gradual emancipation of the poor nations once the military machine is shackled by isolationist reformers. It seems, rather, that a redistribution of the world's wealth would depend upon *not only* revolution in America, but in the rest of the Western imperialist bloc as well.

RICHARD W. FOX

Theology of the City

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: I don't know when it began, but a little over two years ago I first noticed the gathering clouds of desperation. Now all the talk and all the writing about the city is wrapped in deepest shadow. How different it was ten, even seven, years ago. Michael Harrington had just discovered "the other America." John Kennedy assured us that rebuilding the city was among the things we could "do for our country." The war on poverty promised to be a serious assault of exhilarating hope. As with almost every other ill in America, the Vietnam war must share a large part of the blame. I don't blame the rural romanticism of the current environmental enthusiasts. That is more consequence than cause.

Harvey Cox's *Secular City* is closer to the cause of Christian disillusionment with the city. The theologizing of secular euphoria proved to be a fragile foundation for commitment to urban hope. Now we have Jacques Ellul's *The Meaning of the City* which theologizes the current secular despair. The city is the Babylon of human wickedness, we are told, and our chief responsibility is to hold ourselves ready to escape before God visits it with its well deserved destruction. Cox and Ellul, apparently so far apart, are alike in having packaged prevailing moods for Christian consumption.

Robert Coles' "The Lord of the Ghettos" [Nov. 13] is something else. His article gives voice to the faith of the believing poor. That faith has little to do with the fashions of euphoria or despair; it is daily tested in Calvary's conflict of life and death. The material for a theology of the city is to be found in the words of Coles' "hillbilly" in Chicago and welfare client in Boston, and in the struggles of the people of the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, with whom I am privileged to live.

"The Lord of the Ghettos" is one of the most moving and truth-telling articles I have read in a long, long time.

RICHARD J. NEUHAUS

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